

Newport Mercury

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Local Matters.

Unity Club "Musical."

On Tuesday evening last the Unity Club was a Club of "concord and sweet sounds" as well as of "Unity," as the members and their invited friends had a very delightful concert of instrumental and vocal music.

The String quartetto consisted of Mr. F. J. McClosky, 1st Violin; Miss J. A. Chase, 2d Violin; Mr. John Rogers, Viola; Mr. A. G. Langley, Violoncello; and the Vocal quartette consisted of Miss Cora Gosling, soprano; Miss Lilian Potter, contralto; Mr. T. M. Seabury, Jr., tenor; Mr. J. S. Peckham, baritone; and Mr. E. Y. Mason, accompanist. The special pianist was Mr. H. P. Girard. There were nine numbers on the programme and there were seven encores, an ample proof that the selections gave satisfaction. It was high class music, and admirably performed. All present enjoyed themselves thoroughly, and the verdict was general that it was the best concert of local talent that had taken place in Newport for the winter season. The Unity Club will be busy all April, and then make their bow to the public till the Fall calls them again together. There is to be a Study meeting on the 3d of April; and on the 10th of April a unique evening called a "Conundrum Supper" arranged in the interests of local charity by the Helpfulness Committee. What it is to be, is a puzzle; but we understand that there will be an excellent menu provided, under extraordinary names for the dishes, so that if a friend gives a order for a "celestial ambrosia," no one knows whether he will be served with angel cake, or feed lemonade, or a juicy slice of roast beef. Those who attend on the 10th of April, will be wiser men and women when the supper is over! On the 17th of April, the Club have a miscellaneous literary evening, and on the 24th of April they close for the season, which has been a remarkably successful one.

Not Yet Settled.

Millionaire William H. King, formerly of this city, who is confined at the McLean Asylum, Somerville, Mass., is now legally in the custody of United States Marshal Doherty, according to a decision Wednesday afternoon by Judge Aldrich of the United States Circuit Court in Boston. Last week a habeas corpus was issued by Judge Aldrich on the petition of Cabot Eaton, who claims to be King's next friend, and the writ was returnable last Saturday. When the case came up for a hearing it was discovered that the asylum authorities had not filed their answer, and they were given till Wednesday to comply with the law. Their return as filed, states that King is in an unsound condition and unfit to be removed from the asylum. It was also stated by one of the attorneys that he had been subject to convulsions since the attempt to serve a writ of replevin was made on him about a week ago. The Court after hearing the arguments gave petitioner's counsel two days in which to examine the return made by the asylum, and to file an answer if he wished in reply.

Judge Aldrich then ordered that "pending these proceedings, or until further order, King must be treated as in the custody of the United States Marshal for the district of Massachusetts, but to remain at the McLean Asylum."

Malbone Lodge Entertains.

Malbone Lodge, New England Order of Protection, of this city, entertained its many friends in its recently improved and newly decorated hall in the Mercury Building Wednesday evening, and it proved to be a very interesting meeting indeed. Miss Hattie Barrows of Providence rendered several solos and charmed the audience with her full, clear voice. Prof. J. Eugene Sweet of Providence gave several recitations and his selections and rendition were in a peculiarly happy vein. The audience were also entertained by a address on the good of the Order by Mr. Charles H. Lee of Pawtucket, grand warden of the grand lodge of Rhode Island; Mr. Jas. H. Shaw of Providence, past grand warden; Hon. Geo. H. Howard of Cambridge, supreme vice warden of the supreme lodge; Mr. Thos. Hutchins of Providence, grand treasurer of the grand lodge of Rhode Island, and other prominent speakers. The piano and violin duets by Mr. Frank Albro and W. F. Butler, Jr., of this city, were very well rendered and pleased the audience very much.

Major Edwin Call Pomroy, Past Department Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic of Rhode Island, died at his home in Providence, on Monday of pneumonia. Out of respect to his memory the charters of the various Grand Army posts in the State will be draped in mourning for 30 days and the officers will wear the badge of mourning while on duty for the same length of time.

Death of Dr. Thayer.

Rev. Thatcher Thayer, D. D., died at his home on Church street on Saturday of last week. Although an invalid for years, Dr. Thayer's mental faculties did not fail in the least until the end was very near and he was able to pursue his studies and maintain his interest in the affairs of the world until but a few days before his death. The end came gradually and peacefully and the aged dignified life here ended as it had been, quietly. But his death, like his life, had a widespread influence on the community in which he lived, on the various institutions of learning with which he had at one time or another in some way been connected, on personal friends of a lifetime, and those, even, whom he was but slightly known. As, during his long and useful life, he was universally loved and respected, so his death is universally mourned. Surely but to few men is it granted that young and old, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, public officers and private individuals in such large numbers should gather around their bier to pay the last tribute of respect to one who was held in the highest esteem by all. He leaves a widow to whom the sympathy of all who knew her husband must be very grateful in her great bereavement.

Dr. Thayer was born in Boston, Mass., December 9, 1811, and was, therefore, at the time of his death, in the 81st year of his age. He graduated from Amherst College in 1831 and from the Andover Theological School in 1837. He was ordained to the ministry and installed as pastor of the Congregational Church at South Dennis, Mass., in 1839, received a call to the pastorate of the United Congregational Church in this city, June, 1841, and was installed as its pastor in November of that year. In 1857 he received from the college of New Jersey at Princeton the honorary degree of doctor of divinity and in 1869, was elected a member of the board of trustees of Brown University.

His pastorate here, covering a period of more than a quarter of a century, is too well known to need any mention, over three hundred persons being admitted to membership during his service. In connection with his ministry Dr. Thayer instructed many young men in the higher branches of education and many who have held high positions in the educational world over their ambitions and fulfillments of the same to this true friend of mankind. Owing to failing health, after a pastorate of nearly three decades, Dr. Thayer felt it his duty to resign in favor of one, who, as he expressed it, "could labor more effectively for the good of the church." To this the people of his parish would not listen and, in the hope that a European trip would restore his health, he was given a year's vacation, which he spent abroad. The benefit derived therefrom was but temporary, and in October, 1873, with many expressions of regret, his resignation was accepted and he was made pastor emeritus.

Dr. Thayer was always a staunch friend to the cause of education. An able scholar himself, he did all in his power to imbue and nurture scholarly aspirations in others. Although a graduate of Amherst College he was more closely identified with Brown University, on whose board of trustees he served for more than thirty years and of which he was, at the time of his death, with the exception of Mr. Marshall Woods, the oldest member of the board. He was also one of the original trustees of Rogers High School in this city, which position he held until the time of his death. To him Newport is probably indebted for the Rogers High School, for it was his friendship for and influence over the donor, the late William Sanford Rogers, which induced the latter to make this valuable gift to Newport.

The Newport Artillery too, was an organization in which he took great pride and benefitted it in many ways. Just twenty-seven years ago in April he was elected chaplain of the Company and it is to the members of this organization a touching fact that the last work upon which he was engaged, and which by his death must remain forever unfinished, was his annual sermon to them which was to be read to them at the yearly meeting in April. Once a year either at his church or at the armory he preached a sermon to them as a Company, and over since ill health compelled his discontinuing these sermons, he prepared an address each year which was read to the Company. His words were always listened to with marked respect and the high standing of this company is, doubtless, in a measure due to the wise counsels and good advice which these addresses contained.

The funeral was solemnized on Tuesday. Brief services were held at the house on Church street, conducted by Rev. R. W. Wallace, pastor of the United Congregational Church, at the conclusion of which a dirge was rendered by the Newport Band. The remains were then taken to the church, escorted by the Newport Artillery, which turned out in full ranks, augmented by many fine and honorary members. The immediate family and

friends of the deceased and the Artillery occupied the central portions of the church and the pupils of the Rogers High School were seated in the gallery which had been reserved for them. The other parts of the church were completely filled with a large concourse, for whom places were found by six ushers, Messrs. Fred M. Hammatt, Wm. P. Sheldon, Jr., Joseph G. Stevens, 2d, William P. Buffum, Clarence A. Hammett and Horatio B. Wood. The choir of the church sang the hymn "Behold Life is Here our Portion" and "Servant of God, Well Done" and the solo and chorus, "Bayoud the Smiling and the Weeping" was rendered by Miss Hattie Hayes and the choir. Rev. J. G. Vose, D. D., of Providence, delivered the invocation, Rev. R. K. Alden, D. D., of Boston and Rev. J. O. Murray, D. D., of Princeton, made brief addresses, and the Scripture lesson, pastoral prayer and benediction were by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Wallace.

At the conclusion of the services at the church the remains were borne to the Island Cemetery, accompanied by the Artillery and a large number of citizens. There were a large number of beautiful floral emblems. The bearers were Messrs. John H. Hammatt, Erastus P. Allen, Samuel Moadam and Henry A. Heath, deacons of the church; and Surgeon C. F. Barker, Assistant Surgeon C. M. Cole, Commissary J. H. Stacy and Paymaster G. W. Tilley, of the Newport Artillery. Among the large number present were Alexander Mathiass, Robert M. Oliphant, and Kenneth Oliphant of New York; Rev. E. Winchester Donald, D. D. of Boston; John W. Varon, John Nicolas Brown, William Granville, James Coate and Rev. J. C. Stockbridge, D. D., of Providence; Professors E. W. Blake and William C. Pollock of Brown University; Rev. Dr. Webb and Rev. Dr. Adams of Fall River; ex-Mayors Coggeshall, Franklin, Powell, Swinburne and Horton; Mayor Fearing, Charles E. Hammatt, J. Pace Vernon, Dudley Newton, G. B. Royds, J. R. Leal, F. E. Thompson, James H. Hammatt, John H. Cozzani, William Hamilton, James H. Comstock, William Biggs, B. B. H. Sherman, Percy C. Smith, A. C. Tilton, George A. Hazard, Walter B. Simmons, George H. Richardson, John D. DeBols, John S. Coggeshall, Joshua Bay, W. T. Rutherford, George A. Vernon, James McLoish, George A. Tilley, Rev. E. H. Porter, Rev. G. J. Magill, Rev. Dr. E. G. Bass, Rev. G. David Baruch, Rev. Dr. C. G. Gillett, Rev. Mathew Van Horn, Rev. D. Warren Randolph, Rev. James M. Craig, Rev. M. S. Hawes, Rev. H. N. Jeton, T. T. Pitman, Joseph Haire, J. G. Spangler, J. M. K. Southwick, Augustus Goffe, T. J. Gleason, John Gibson, W. A. Coggeshall, Dr. H. R. Storer, Dr. Henry E. Turner, Henry C. Stevens, Thomas Dunn, Samuel Allen, S. W. Marsh, J. S. Langley, A. H. Carscadden, Darius Baker, J. C. Swan, Ensign B. E. Thurston, U. S. N. G. A. Pritchard, G. E. Langley, R. M. Holland, B. B. Stevens and George F. Rounds.

Two Have Died.

Peter Robertson and Maurice Barnes, two of the men who were scalped by the bursting of a boiler tube on launch Wave on Thursday of last week, died at the Hospital, one last Saturday and the other on Sunday. Robertson's funeral was solemnized Sunday afternoon from Kay Chapel, Rev. John Heldman officiating. The bearers were Quartermaster Olson and Messrs. Karl Peterson, Neil Lamrose and Neil Johnson. The funeral was attended by a detachment of seamen gunners under Lieut. Commander Belknap and Lieut. Smith, and by a large number of friends.

Maurice Barnes' funeral was solemnized on Monday and was attended by a detachment of seamen gunners under Lieut. Capchart and a large number of men from the Torpedo Station. The deceased came here from East Hampton and was at one time employed at the Newport Elastic Fabric Works, many of the employees of which attended the funeral. The bearers were Daniel O'Brien, Frank Keopel, John Sullivan, Edward Colson and George Colson. The remains were taken to New Bedford, where Henry's parents reside.

The Newport Armory Commission held a meeting here Monday afternoon and after some minor changes in the plans, Architect Wilbur was directed to advertise for bids for the work of construction at once, which advertisement will be found on the 8th page of this paper. This bid is to be opened April 1 and if any be satisfactory to the commission the contract will be awarded at once with the hope of having the building ready for occupancy by the first of October next. Rev. Mr. Wilbur will have full supervision of the work.

Mr. Neil Ferguson, who has been visiting friends in this city, has returned to his home at Cape Breton, Nova Scotia.

News has been received here of the happy advent of a little daughter into the family of Mr. and Mrs. Archibald M. Peckham of West Superior, Wis.

Mr. John J. Brett, formerly of this city and well known as a paper hanger, died in New London, Conn., on Wednesday.

Easter at the Churches.

Tomorrow will be Easter Sunday, the brightest festival of the Church year, and in the various churches of this city it will be observed in the usual manner by special decorations and music.

Trinity.

The morning service at this church is at 11:45, and the musical programme is as follows:

Hymn—"The Strife is o'er".....Tours

Chorus—"Our Passover".....Woodward

Psalm in D.....Field

Holy Exchange.....Shelley

Intrit—Christ the Lord is risen.....Kirk

Psalm 103.....Reed

Psalm 104.....Farrar

Offertory—"Awake Up My Glory".....Duke

Glorious Corda.....Reed

Bacchus.....Reed

Psalm 105.....Reed

Hymn—"I am the Lord".....Shelley

Psalm 106.....Reed

Psalm 107.....Reed

Psalm 108.....Reed

Psalm 109.....Reed

Psalm 110.....Reed

Psalm 111.....Reed

Psalm 112.....Reed

Psalm 113.....Reed

Psalm 114.....Reed

Psalm 115.....Reed

Psalm 116.....Reed

Psalm 117.....Reed

Psalm 118.....Reed

Psalm 119.....Reed

Psalm 120.....Reed

Psalm 121.....Reed

Psalm 122.....Reed

Psalm 123.....Reed

Psalm 124.....Reed

Psalm 125.....Reed

Psalm 126.....Reed

Psalm 127.....Reed

Psalm 128.....Reed

Psalm 129.....Reed

Psalm 130.....Reed

Psalm 131.....Reed

Psalm 132.....Reed

Psalm 133.....Reed

Psalm 134.....Reed

Psalm 135.....Reed

Psalm 136.....Reed

Psalm 137.....Reed

Psalm 138.....Reed

Psalm 139.....Reed

Psalm 140.....Reed

Psalm 141.....Reed

Psalm 142.....Reed

Psalm 143.....Reed

Psalm 144.....Reed

Psalm 145.....Reed

Psalm 146.....Reed

Psalm 147.....Reed

Psalm 148.....Reed

Psalm 149.....Reed

Psalm 150.....Reed

Psalm 151.....Reed

Psalm 152.....Reed

Psalm 153.....Reed

Psalm 154.....Reed

Psalm 155.....Reed

Psalm 156.....Reed

Psalm 157.....Reed

Psalm 158.....Reed

Psalm 159.....Reed

Psalm 160.....Reed

Psalm 161.....Reed

Psalm 162.....Reed

Psalm 163.....Reed

Psalm 164.....Reed

Psalm 165.....Reed

Psalm 166.....Reed</p

A THOUGHT OF THE RESURRECTION.

The bulbs that were hid in the darkness
Through the winter time and the snow,
Have felt the thrill of the sunlight,
Their hour to bloom they know.
Purple and gold and scarlet
And white as the robes of a king,
To the glory of love at Easter
Those beautiful wealth they bring.

The grass that was brown and withered
And cold on the sodden plain,
Has been blessed by the tender sunshine,
Crossed by the crystal rain,
And its bright green lances glisten,
Like ten million stars,
And the birds, with herons among them,
Flies up with a sudden song.

And we, who have seen our darlings
Rest from our shore away;
Who have wept in silent anguish
Over the cold and pulseless clay,
Take heart in the Easter gladness,
A parable all may read,

For the Lord who cares for the flowers
Cares well for our greater need.

He knows of the loss and anguish,
The grope of the stricken soul.
He will bring again our dear ones,
By his touch of life made whole.
We shall need and know and love them
In the spring beyond the sea,
That, after earth's dreary winter,
Is coming to you and me.

—Mrs. M. E. Sanger.

EASTER IN MINGIN'S ALLEY.

BY KATE JORDAN.

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tion.

"Is this Mingin's alley?"
"Yes, that it is."

"Does Mrs. Terry Mason live here?"
"She do. Jest beuyant that fus' duro,
One flight up, back, you'll find her."

"Thank you."

They stood at the entrance to the al-
leyway, so chill, so damp that cloudy
day of early spring—an old woman in a
shabby quilted bonnet, a market basket
on her arm, her seamed, habby face fair-
ly quivering with curiosity, and a foot-
man in dark green livery, as carefully
groomed as the master who sent him.

He certainly was an unusual sight in
Mingin's alley—so unusual indeed that
old Mrs. Ryan could scarcely get her
breath back as she looked after him.

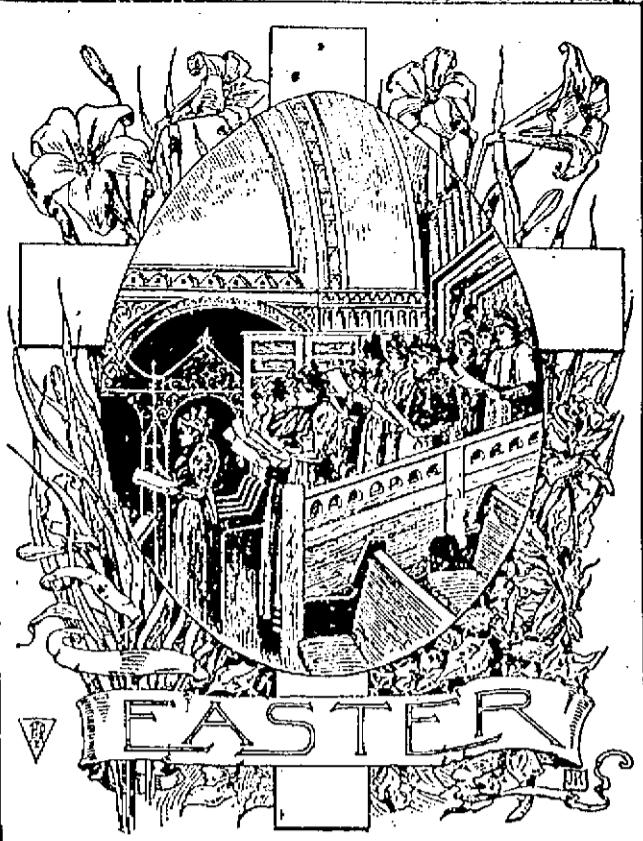
"Well, well, well! Upon me word,
but that's abe, I must say! Mrs. Terry
Mason'll bound her hairy head a little
higher than ever now that she has a
laddy buck like that comin' with let-
ters to see her. Oh, my, but this is a
wicked world! Who is Mrs. Mason
anyway, and whoy does such an aristi-
cious young piece live in Mingin's alley, and
where's her husband, and whoy do the
folkes of that futman come after her?

Faith, I have no doubts about these
ast goings, soft voiced, standofish sort
of peoplo! Divil a drap of whisky would
she take wid me avin on the blessed
Christmas day! No use tryin' to be
friendly with the folkes o' her. She's got
too many frienls among the upper tu-
not fit to look an honest woman in the
face. I'll be bound, if the thruth was
told! Well, well, what'll Mrs. Mulcahy
say to this when I see her at the market?"

It was a choice bit of news, and Mrs.
Mary Ann Ryan of Mingin's alley looked
forward to relating it over a glass of
whisky, just as Miss Manhattan at 6
o'clock tea rattles the skelotons her ab-
sent friends think hidden.

Meanwhile the footman went on, giv-
ingly picking his way over the muddy
pavement, until he came to the door in
the small rear house to which he had
been directed.

It was still wintry and cold in the pas-
sageway, but when the door was opened
to his knock there was something spring-



He hobbled into another saloon, forced
her head up with his mitts of hands and
looked inquiringly at her white face.

"Mummy, tell Ted," he whispered.

"My darling," and she flung her
arms around him, "if we could both die
If you and I, Ted, could just find rest.
It's a sorry old game, this life, dear. It's
a cold, horrid, old world, my hairy."

I begin to think there isn't room for u-
here."

She kissed him on the lifted baby
brow, closed her dry lips, and replacing
the letter in its envelope handed it to
the footman.

"Tako that back," she said in an icy
tone.

"What answer, m'lady?"

"No answer. Just take it back."

"But Mr. Trowell—"

"Go. Tell my father—tell Mr. Trowell
you," she said, hurriedly correcting her
self—"that I cannot answer it as I would
if I stood here before me now."

"He might come himself, m'lady."

"And the way I would answer it is
this: I'll tear it to bits and cast them in
the fire."

Long after the door had closed upon
the footman she sat there, white, silent,
unconscious even of Ted's fervent caresses
and tender questioning. She seemed to
see the words of that cruel letter still be-
fore her—yes, bery sentence was burned
on her brain:

Your note of appeal reached me when I ar-
rived here from San Francisco on a trip
around the world. You are weak, you say, and
poor. I ask no help. You say you would
do this for your child's sake—that if you
can work he must starve. I have con-
sidered the matter, and I have decided to give
you one more chance. The facts of the case
are these:

You married Terry Mason against my
expressed threats. He was chosen of the only man
I hated, one who tried to ruin me financially
and socially for reasons I need not state here.
I told you "hat if you clung to your absurd infatuation
for Terry Mason you lost your father
forever. Perhaps you thought I did not mean
it. I did.

However, Terry Mason is dead. Come back,
then, if you will, and I'll receive you, give you
a home, but his child I will never permit to
live under my roof. Send him to the beggar
relatives his father has bequeathed to him or
put him in some institution where he can be
idle. I'll pay you, please about that. He
cannot live with me, and more than that, you
must drop the "Mason" and be my daughter
again. In name and in spirit. There must be
no reminders of your sorry past. For your hu-
mblest need I have \$30.

JESUS TREVENOR.

"The money would have scorched my
fingers!" the girl muttered. "And yet,
oh, how I wish I might have kept just
a few dollars to buy something for Ted for
Easter—poor darling!"

What fancies passed before the young
widow's sad, blue eyes, what pictures of
the past!

She saw herself so happy as a girl at
Trevylon House, her father's ancestral
home in England. She saw Terry Mason,
who had won her heart the very
first time she had met him, during the
London season. She saw herself so hap-
py, so happy with him during their short
honeymoon together—happy, despite her
father's estrangement and bitter words.

But the happiness had died so soon.

She thought of one sunshiny April
morning when they were in the Alps, a
few months before Ted was born. Terry
had gone up one of the mountains with
his party of men. His last words still echoed
in her ears:

"Don't worry, Mildred, dear. I'll be
back before you are up in the morning.
Ah, death had its shadow over him
even as he spoke. He never came back."

Into one of the treacherous crannies
that lurk in the still, white depths of the
eternal snows he had disappeared. His
companions, reaching the top, had called
and waited for him in vain. Search
parties sent out had returned without a
hope. The earth had literally swallowed
him and with it all Mildred's joy in life.

Yet—not all—for when Ted was born
poor, pretty, crippled Ted, with his
eyes like the sky that arched the peaks of
snow—there was something to live for.

Mony went, ill luck came like a shadow
that persistently kept pace with her, but
her love for Ted grew stronger with sick-
ness and disappointment.

Like so many other hapless ones, she
had eventually drifted to America, the
land of promise, but it had brought no
fulfillment to her. What weary years
of struggle had passed, yet she had been
brave, had fought the fight alone, and
no prayer for help had reached the iron
willed master of Trevylon House.

But just a week before this Easter
she had seen her father step from his
carriage into one of the hotels on Fifth
avenue. This was her first intimation
that he was in New York. An irresist-
ible impulse had led her to appeal to him
for Ted's sake. Despair was the result.

"Oh, is this all of life?" was her dreamy
protest on this Easter Thursday as she
listened to the slow, silvery notes of a
church bell drifting over the battered
rooftops that crowded Mingin's alley.

"You made her cry." And the flax-
curls fell in a tossing angry mass over
his accusing eye. "You're a bad man!
You made her cry—desperately!"

But Ted, leaning his elbow in its frayed
sleeve upon her knee, only shook his yellow
curls and looked with wondering

gush them from all other mortals. He
probably supposes there is only one Ted
in the world."

"You know where Mingin's alley is—the
place where they found Itidet, the
anarchist, hiding—in sad, poverty stricken
hole."

"Yes, I remember. I'll go in the
morning."

King went back to his desk. The light
above him shone on his stern young face,
the hair strangely white around the
brows.

When the city editor was gone, and the
place was almost quiet, he threw down his pen and clasped his hands to
his burning head. How the old pain
racked him tonight—the surging, the
humming, the vertigo that seemed as if
some day it would surely drive him mad.

Again!

He was almost afraid to think the
word, lest in some way it reach the
minds of the men he heard laughing in
the other room.

What would they say if they knew he
had been mad—the inmate of a mad-
house for years? Now they spoke of him
as a man who had suffered much—that
was evident from the settled sadness of
his clouded eyes—and who was strangely
reticent about his origin, his past.

What would they say if they knew that
to him there was no past—but beyond
his first conscious hours in the Swiss
mountain he knew nothing?

Bleak thoughts—terrible, penetrating
loneliness. How his soul was tortured!
But worse even than this poignant pain
was the feeling that often haunts him
when he awoke just at the edge of day,
just as the gray light of dawn was stealing
over the sluggish world, a feeling
that his consciousness was trembling on
the brink of a discovery—that a great
joy or a great sadness would be his in
that flood of light.

But it did come, and the cloud did
not lift from his eyes.

Easter morning dawned fresh, crystal
clear. The sky was a tremulous azure;
the fragrance of trumpet shaped lilies
hung in the velvet air; the church bells
pealed out gladly; the streets were
thronged with people who seemed un-
troubled by a care.

To the city editor's gift King had ad-
ded a bunch of white flowers, and feel-
ing the happy consciousness that he was
going to make one small boy happy
made his way to the dreariness of Mingin's
alley.

As fate decreed, he met old Mrs. Ryan
about to sally to church in her Sunday
bonnet.

"Will you tell me, please, if a little
boy lives in this alleyway named Ted?"
King asked.

"Well, upon me word!" and Mrs. Ryan
tossed her head. "It's Ted, now, is it?

And yesterday it was a futman that did
dazzle the eyes of ye. Oh, yes, you'll find
Ted and his mother, too, I'll warrant—ah,
a trish-piece—jes' boyant that fus' dure,
one flight up, back. Upon me word,

wid such callers on Ted and herself
she'll be havin' barbecues stoppin' here
next, 'Wim'!" And with these charitable
remarks Mrs. Ryan pursued her self-
righteous, self-satisfied way to church.

Outside the door to which he was di-
rected King paused.

Did he venture in? There was grief
beyond that door. He heard a woman's
weeping voice, a child's short, heart-
broken sobs.

"Oh, Ted, Ted, Ted, what shall we do?

Oh, the cruelty of the world! There,
there, dear. I'm selfish to make you weep.
I'm a bad mamma. Still I don't

feel like a bad mamma.

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feel like a bad mamma.

Outside the door to which he was di-
rected King paused.

Did he venture in? There was grief
beyond that door. He heard a woman's
weeping voice, a child's short, heart-
broken sobs.

"Oh, Ted, Ted, Ted, what shall we do?

Oh, the cruelty of the world! There,
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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Saturday, March 17.

Alleged train robbers were arrested at Mount City, Ill.—A hotel at Dalton, Mass., was burned. Loss about \$20,000. Serious washouts occurred on Union & United R.R. Lines reduced to 100 miles. Total loss about \$20,000. In New York, a day later, 8:30 A. M., two men were arrested in connection with the robbery of the Annex boat connection between Pier 24, Brooklyn, Jersey City. Big orchestra on each steamer. For tickets and information apply at Express office, 472 Union street, J. L. Green, Ticket Agent, J. H. KENICKER, Genl. Manager, Boston, O. D. CONNOR, Genl. Pass. Agent, Boston, J. H. JORDAN, Agent, Newport, R. I.

NEWPORT AND WICKFORD
RAILROAD AND STEAMBOAT CO.

THE WICKFORD ROUTE.

In effect Dec. 25, 1893.

Leave

Newport, Providence, R. I. 10 A. M. P. M. 8:10 A. M. P. M.

Boston, via 12:30 1:15 1:30 11:30

New York 4:30 5:30 6:30 11:30

Leave

New York NIGHT 6:30 1:00

Boston via 10:00 3:00

Providence 8:30 9:30 10:30

Newport, arrive 10 A. M. P. M. 8:30

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New York 11:20 12:30 ... 6:00 1:00

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The Mercury.

JOHN P. BARNARD, Editor and Proprietor.

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1894.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Louis Kosuth, the Hungarian patriot, is dead.

One week from next Wednesday is the day. Gentlemen prepare your bulletins.

Col. Breckinridge is one of Kentucky's gentlemen. What a laugh the common Kentuckian must be.

The President has got the Bland Bill, but what he will do with it—whether sign or veto it—even his closest advisers seem unable to say.

The Democrats of this city renominated the present General Assembly ticket at their convention Monday evening, and it is probably as strong a ticket as they could select.

What means the private paper by its great hue and cry of Republican boudoir? Has it suddenly lost faith in its party, or has it always felt that the boasted "high principle" was confined to the narrow limits of its own sanctum?

In another column will be found a brief biographical sketch of our distinguished townsmen, Hon. Geo. Peabody Wetmore, which we publish for the benefit of those who are so grossly misrepresenting him. Read it, and then compare it with those of his unjust critics.

Our Democratic neighbor are in an exceedingly unhappy frame of mind these days. The Republican assembly ticket, against which they cannot say a word in criticism, displeases them, and the "handwriting on the wall" furnishes them no material for editorial comment. No wonder they are disheartened.

The Providence News says a goodly number of the pot planks which Contractor Hovey had nailed to the party platform in the quiet of his office chamber were rudely shattered by his colleagues in the convention committee. But he bravely concealed his disappointment and has preserved them for use in future harangues in the House chamber.

Secretary Gresham walks up like a little man with punctilious regularity and draws his pension. He gets \$3,000 a year salary as Secretary of State, and as he now belongs to a party that has raised such a howl over pensions it would seem that he could well afford to "cover" his pension into the national treasury and relieve the country of one of its "pension bladders."

The report of the Treasury Department at Washington shows that during the year 1893 there arrived at the ports of New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Baltimore from foreign ports, 431,712 immigrants. It is said this number represents at least four-fifths of the whole number that arrived at all American ports. The largest number from a single port was from Bremen—93,739 while Liverpool and Queenstown sent 101,061.

The State tickets to be submitted to the voters of Rhode Island next month by the two great political parties are exactly the same as a year ago, but the conditions under which they will be received are greatly changed. The year's experiences have been such as must make the people extremely doubtful of Democracy's promises and decidedly averse to Monocratic rule. The business of the country has been paralyzed and the industrious wage-earner brought to the verge of starvation by the mismanagement of the national government, while the conduct and methods of the Democratic leaders in this state have been revolutionary in the extreme throughout the year. No, the voters of this state will go to the polls on the first Wednesday of April this year with a new interest and the Republican ticket will be elected by a majority that shall be a fitting rebuke to both the policy and the methods set forth by the Democratic party.

The decision of the New Jersey Supreme Court on the senatorial contest in that state, rendered on Wednesday, is a complete victory for the Republicans whose actions in the unfortunate controversy are sustained at every point. That the Democrats were greatly chagrined at the answers given to their several questions goes without saying, but they cannot, as did their Rhode Island brethren, accuse the court of partisan prejudice, for the New Jersey bench is solidly of their own political persuasion. In commenting upon this decision our afternoon neighbor draws the following significant conclusion:

These attempts to organize legislative bodies on a basis different from that indicated on the face of the returns are becoming quite too frequent, and we believe that in every case of late they have failed of their purpose or been sternly rebuked at subsequent elections. It is true that the national and state constitutions make each house in all cases judge of the qualifications of its members, but it is on the supposition that men coming with proper certificates of election are members, and cannot be displaced until the body is formally entered and duly passed upon. All attempts to effect changes in advance of the organization, for any purpose whatever, are revolutionary in their character if not in their purpose, and it is well for the country that the courts thus far have given them no countenance.

WASHINGTON MATTERS.
The Tariff is a Matter of Speculation
Still—Mr. Cleveland's Action on the
Bland Bill Also Doubtful Notes.

From our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, March 10, 1894.

Republican Senators who have hore-
d to conceder the probability of the
ultimate success of the democrats in
passing some sort of tariff bill now con-
sider that they have at least an even
chance to defeat the bill. Although
the committee had decided that the
bill shall be reported to the Senate this
week and taken up for consideration
April 2—by the way, the date repre-
sents a substantial victory for the re-
publicans of the committee—it is
known that not a single one of the ten
democratic senators who style them-
selves "conservative," and are styled
"kickers" by the other democrats, has
promised to support the bill, notwithstanding
the numerous concessions
made to them by the democrats of the
committee, and some of them will, it is
believed, vote against the entire bill,
unless they can get it amended to suit
their demands. Instead of the changes
made in the bill by the democrats of the
Senate committee—most of whom are
regarding their will—lessening the demo-
cratic opposition to the bill they have
largely increased it. The free traders
have been offended and not a single
"kicker" has been propitiated.Many shrewd observers believe that
upon the disposition which Mr. Cleve-
land makes of the Bland bill for the
coining of the sagitaro depends the very
existence of the democratic party as
at present constituted. At least
three members of the cabinet—Gree-
ham, Smith and Herbert—are so cer-
tain that the veto of the bill will be
followed by an open split of the demo-
cratic party that they are doing their
best to persuade Mr. Cleveland
to sign the bill, as a peace offering to
the silver democrats in the south and
west who are disgruntled because of
the numerous snubs which they have received
at the hands of the administration.
Representative Strauss, of New
York, a personal friend of Mr. Cleve-
land, is also working on the same line,
although himself opposed to the bill. Mr.
Cleveland has given no signs of what his
intentions regarding this measure are.
A delegation of New York bankers are
here to prevent Mr. Cleveland yielding
to the party pressure that is being
brought to bear upon him to allow the
bill to become law. These New
Yorkers have demanded of Mr. Cleve-
land when he asked them to save the
administration bond issue from the
flat failure which it would have been
had the bankers not subscribed to
them. On the other hand, more than
two-thirds of the democrats in Con-
gress voted for this bill and they are
demanding that the bill be signed,
or at least allowed to become a law
without the President's signature, and
threatening to publicly repudiate the
administration should the bill be
vetoed.In addition to being vicious the democ-
ratic tariff bill is very clumsy drawn.
Since its revision by the democ-
ratic Finance Committee the republicans
of that committee, and the public, have had an opportunity
to study the bill. A republican Senator
pointed out a paragraph which, would,
had it been allowed to remain in the
bill and the bill have ever become a law,
resulted in tangling up the internal
revenue system to an extent that would
have cost the government many millions
of dollars. It would, in short,
have prevented the collection of a
dollar of internal revenue, except upon
such articles as are specifically
mentioned in the present bill. This
error was, of course, corrected.No man serving his first term in
Congress was ever before given the
honor of being put at the head of the
republican Congressional campaign com-
mittee, but it has just been done for
Representative Babcock, of Wisconsin,
who has been selected to be acting
chairman of the committee, while
Judge Caulwell is making his cau-
ses for the mayoralty of Cincinnati, and as
Judge Caulwell is likely to be
elected Mr. Babcock is almost cer-
tain to become permanent chairman
of the committee. This selection was
not made haphazard, but because Mr.
Babcock's colleagues recognized his
peculiar fitness to direct the work
of the committee, and were only too
glad to learn that he was willing to
undertake it.The investigation of the contract for
printing the Patent Office Gazette,
which was for a time suspended because
of the members of the Senate com-
mittee on Printing having been other-
wise engaged, has been resumed. If
Josiah Quincy, ex-Assistant Secretary
of State, who is accused of having a
pecuniary interest in this contract,
is not guilty he is a philanthropist of
the first water, as he has given freely
of his time, money and influence to
the favored contractors. There
has been a lassitude about the whole
business that would in any properly
conducted commercial establishment
result in some dissatisfaction. For instance,
the contractors agreed to do the work
for one year from July 4, 1893 for \$15,
000, yet with three and one half
months remaining of the year they
have drawn \$30,000 leaving only \$3,000
to pay for that time. Unless the bond
filed by these contractors is better than
anything else they have had anything
to do with them will be a considerable
loss to the government.

The Democratic Ticket.

The Democratic State Convention
was held in Providence Tuesday, with
the following delegates from Newport
county:Newport—S. E. Honey, Louis Brown, P. A.
Haven, H. M. Young, W. G. Ward, Jr., F. J.
Murphy, John Waters, Thomas Murphy, W. J.
Underwood, T. Cottrell, P. Dowd, F. J.
Hughes.Providence—Daniel M. Anthony, W. M.
Talman, Eliza B. Talman, John L. Talman,
New Sherman—Alazon D. Rose, Joseph
Jencks, Lorenzo Littlefield, A. Littlefield,
Jamestown—Samuel Smith, H. Perry Brown,
Milton W. Hall.Westerly—George F. Cottrell, Joseph Penny,
James Boardman, Edward Wilcox,
Little Compton—Elmer A. Wilcox, Thomas
S. West.State Senator Miller, of Providence,
presided and started the exercises with
one of his characteristic speeches. The
gubernatorial ticket was then nominated
as follows, it being the same as
was selected by last year's convention:
For Governor, David S. Baker, Jr., of
North Kingston; Lieutenant Governor,
Dalton E. Young, of Newport; Secre-
tary of State, John J. Hoffer, of
Woonsocket; Attorney General, Clar-
ence A. Aldrich, of Providence; General
Treasurer, John G. Perry, of Smith
Kingston. A platform reported by a
committee of which Hon. S. R. Honey
of this city was chairman was adopted.P. J. Pratt, Jr., of the firm of Perry
Mason & Co., publishers of Youth's
Companion, died at his home in Bos-
ton Tuesday afternoon. He had been
in ill health for some time.**GEO. PEABODY WETMORE.**Interesting Biography of Rhode Is-
land's Next United States Senator
—A True Son of Newport, De-
scended from Distinguished New
England Stock.The election, next month, is of much
importance to the people of Rhode Island,
and not only on account of the necessity
of appointing competent officials to di-
rect the affairs of the state at this
trying period in its history, but also
because of the duty of selecting their
representative to the United States Senate.
Wetmore is in this responsibility upon
the general assembly at other times, it
is especially so at the present moment
when it is only the industrial prosperity
of this state is at stake, but also the
principles of national government
under whose action the whole country
has grown and prospered to an extent
and degree unprecedented in the history
of the world. It becomes doubly impor-
tant, then, that the legislators appointed
to perform this duty should be those
pledged to uphold and defend these
principles, as essential to the happiness
and prosperity of the people of this
state, and that the candidate, who should
receive their support for this responsi-
bility in the national body, should
have both ability, proven by the
cures of office, and, too, an intimate
acquaintance with the needs and
wishes of the people of the state.Such an acquaintance is gained only
by a knowledge of Rhode Island's
history, and of its citizens, through long
personal participation in their interests,
and by a close sympathy with their
aims and achievements, through
individual endeavor to their behalf, and
by associations followed by family tra-
ditions extending through generations.
A candidate with such qualifications
is seldom found, but, nevertheless,
such a candidate the people of the
state have in Hon. George Peabody Wet-
more. And it is for this reason that the
acquaintance of his candidacy was hailed
with such satisfaction by his fellow citizens.
For nearly forty years he has lived among
them, winning their respect and esteem
by his benefactions to private life, and their honor and
approval by the able and conscientious
manner in which he has performed the
duties of the highest office in their gift.
In this lifetime of effort in behalf of his
fellows he has proved himself to be an
minent citizen of the state of Rhode
Island and a worthy descendant of the
noted men who for generations have been
prominent in the business, politics and
jurisprudence of New England.In another column will be found a
brief biographical sketch of our dis-
tinguished townsmen, Hon. Geo. Peabody
Wetmore, which we publish for the
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Poetry.

The Homeward.

Here let me sit! What better life
For the heart than could be thine?
Than the reuniting with the sounding surge
Of the long Caribbean sea!

There was heard with the shock that told her
low—
No victor's exulting cheer;
Nor under the gush of a wounding toe
She ended her picayune career;

Not an enemy's bullet flies,
She died like a lioness;

She had fate, who so much
On the reef of honor died.

Remember the day in the Channel seas,
When they all left Cebuano town,
And with flag unfurled to the sweet Jure
breeze?

She fought till the last went down?

No holiday was ever her care—

And she died a glory to her name—

And a glory to history's page!

Shall she moulder now in some lonely yard,
To the foots of time a prey?

Where a smart marine dons sentry guard
And warns neighbors away.

Where she on a holiday feasts,

Stolid crowds a-wreck.

While the broad earth and the world groans

With its woes,

On her ridge, star and decky

Like the warhorse dyed upon the plain,

And is buried where he lies,

Or among the heads of his kith and kin,

A prey to the vultures.

Is the bones of the gallant Queen rest—

No less embalmed grave.

Be it but the living earth's breast,

And her requiescent heart's peace!

There let her rest! What better surge
For the heart than could be thine?

Than the reuniting with the sounding surge
Of the long Caribbean sea!

(For the transcript.)

Selected Tale.

A NEWSPAPER MAN.

BY SHIRLEY EVERETT JOHNSON.

1.

Mardi-Gras is celebrated in no place as it is in New Orleans. The inhabitants of that city are fond of luxury, ease and magnificence. They live in great roomy houses, built in the old French colonial style, which are surrounded by beautiful trees and provided with extensive lawns. In some cases these houses with their yards take up an entire block. These people, who rise late and retire late, are just the kind to take interest in a grand display. Indeed, with them, the success of the Mardi-Gras is a hobby.

The pageants of this great festival have become renowned for their grandeur, and immense crowds are attracted from all over the country at each advent of the Lenten season. The brilliancy of this affair is due directly to the existence of five social clubs, called Atlantis, Comus, Argonauts, Proteus and Minos, respectively. Of these Minos is the ruling organization, and its Queen is the Carnival Queen.

Each of these clubs gives an annual ball during the Carnival, at which their individual Kings and Queens receive in state. The last ball and the most magnificent is that of Minos, which is generally held in the French Opera House, where the Carnival Queen, together with the King, receives the Kings and Queens of the other clubs, and all the guests of Minos.

If the spectacle is ever witnessed it is never forgotten. The day of the ball is a general holiday, and at the appointed hour the Carnival Queen, attended by her Imperial suite, departs to the play house, which is converted into a royal ball room, resplendent with lights and decorations, by having the stage built out so that all the seats on the floor are covered.

As a triumphal march is played and twenty-five hundred people shout for prais, the Queen is escorted to her throne. The ball has begun, and the royal reception presents a striking scene, as beautiful women in gorgeous costumes, accompanied by gallant knights, approach the Royal Presence. The Queen is gracious to all, and in the name of Minos bids them welcome to their court and to their city.

The Queen then summons an attendant and orders the city bells to be rung. She releases prisoners from ships; in the port; she dictates anything her fancy may suggest, and all her wishes are executed at once, for she is not only the Carnival Queen, but also for the time being the absolute ruler of the city.

The Carnival Queen is also chosen from New Orleans society, but she may select her Maids of Honor from any portion of the country. A few years ago, Miss Evelyn Ellis, a Kentucky beauty, was asked to be Queen of the Festival, and she accepted the honor. It happened that Miss Ellis was, in reality, a Louisianian, but when her father died, several years before, she had gone to live in Louisville with her uncle, who had been named as her guardian. Her father had always been a warm supporter of the Festival, and had contributed annually large sums towards defraying the expenses of the affair.

Of course, the Queen is generally selected on account of her rare beauty, but in some cases the father's contribution has a good deal to do with it. Consequently, as Miss Ellis was a beautiful woman, scarcely twenty years old, and a daughter of an old patrician of the Festival, this seeming violation of the rule was overlooked by every one. In fact, Miss Ellis made an admirable Queen, tall, graceful, beautiful. She was greatly admired, and justly, too; she was popular, but had not frequently visited the city of her birth after she had become a bright star in Louisville society.

On the night of her triumphant entry and brilliant reign Mr. Edwin Louis Doversaux, a representative of the Picayune, was fortunate enough to be presented to her Royal Majesty, and very naturally fell in love with her. The Picayune of the next morning contained a comprehensive and detailed description of the ball, including a long section devoted to the Queen, in which Mr. Doversaux pronounced Miss Ellis the very ideal of Festival Queen.

The complimentary paragraphs brought him many, lots of thanks, and a request to call, that she might express in person her sincere appreciation of his kindness. That Doversaux was fascinated by this fair daughter of the South was patent, and when it leaked out that he had been invited to call upon her, her less fortunate admirers considered him especially favored.

Miss Ellis was not unmindful of the fact that the reporter had made an unusual impression upon her, and received his attentions during her stay with evident pleasure, and before bidding adieu to New Orleans and its gayeties, she expressed a wish that he might visit Louisville at an early date.

At last she returned to her home, and Doversaux was left to continue his daily routine on the Picayune with the sad reflections of a temporary triumph. He knew that the Queen of the Festival would have to pass from his life if something was not done which would better his position, for he realized that a poor newspaper reporter could never win the acknowledged beauty of the ball, and he was sad.

* * * * *

The Festival was practically for-

gotten, and preparations for the ensuing year were already begun by September, but the memory of that girl had not vanished from the mind of the reporter. He had not given up his resolution to overcome the financial barrier which prevented him from asking her to share his life.

One day Doversaux walked into the office. He appeared particularly happy as he sat down at his desk and began to write. One of the reporters remarked to his neighbor that "Adolph must have found out in Louisville, a old neighbor smiled.

A moment later Doversaux laid his resignation before the managing editor and requested that it be accepted. Two days after he started for Kentucky.

III.

Local matter was light, and a half dozen reporters were sitting about the office of the Louisville Commercial, with the satisfaction born of a knowledge that work for another day was done. Presently, the city editor returned from his midnight lough at Rufus's, accompanied by a well-dressed man about thirty years old, whom he introduced as Mr. Doversaux, late of the New Orleans Picayune. Doversaux was a handsome fellow, with flashing dark eyes. He was pronounced a bronchite, and rather tall. His well-shaped nose seemed to mark him as a man of refinement, and might even endorse him as a lineal descendant of one of the old French families of the Crescent City. He talked fluently in a rich baritone voice, and made a favorable impression on every one in the room.

The managing editor had finished his budget, consisting of an editorial brief of the news of the morrow, had satisfied himself that the telegraph matter was heavy enough to make up for the deficiency in the local room; and then started for lunch.

In passing through the local room he noticed this stranger. Mr. Doversaux was presented at once by the city editor who remarked that he had borne letters from the Picayune. The managing editor welcomed him heartily, and after exchanging a few commonplace remarks, invited him to make their office his headquarters as long as he remained in the city.

The men on the Commercial at that time were very fraternal in spirit and there seemed to be no superior officers, especially from a social standpoint. In this hospitable crowd Doversaux had fallen almost by accident, and as the office was conveniently located, it proved a delightful resting place for this gentleman of leisure. He had represented to the city editor and to others that, owing to the death of a relative, he had inherited considerable money, and, therefore, had given up the arduous duties of an active newspaper man. Nevertheless he delighted to write occasional bits of gossip and odd items of interest, which were thankfully received, for it must be said that his sketches were always bright and witty, and handled in a manner that confirmed him as an expert.

It is obvious that he grew in favor with the fellows on the Commercial, and in less than a week was on friendly terms with every newspaper man in the town. He went to the theatres, made new friends, and had dined at Rufus's and Rassine's.

At the end of a fortnight he had become quite popular, for he had money, which he spent with a lavish hand, good appearance and manners, which he used to the greatest advantage; a pleasant voice and more than ordinary conversational power, which apparently showed Mr. Doversaux to be well educated as well as polished.

During this fortnight he had not forgotten the purpose which had brought him to Louisville; indeed, he had called on Miss Ellis in her Fourth avenue home the day after the Commercial had announced his arrival, and had been cordially welcomed. This call had been repeated once or twice, but as he was in no particular hurry, he chose to wait until he had been seated into the Kentucky Club, an organization of young aristocrats. He was assured of election through the influence of his newspaper friends; besides, he was a Southerner, and in New Orleans had known Miss Ellis, the brightest flower of Louisville society.

The next morning the Commercial contained a long account of the embryo's life, head lined:

SICK MR. DEVEREAUX.

But he had gone.

Four days after it contained this very expressive note in the gossip column:

"Among the passengers on the City of Paris, which sailed yesterday, were Mrs. Ellis and Miss Evelyn Ellis of Louisville."

A Financial's Wife.

Mrs. Adolphe Mortimer had made up his mind that it was his duty to become a sacrifice. If there was one thing that the worthy woman prided herself on it was her mind, and whenever the organ reached a decision it clung to it with a tenacity worthy of almost any cause. Mrs. Mortimer's will had been signed by the husband who had hoped to win the Southern beauty whom New Orleans loved, under the shadow of great wealth.

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A week, or two later Doversaux walked into the Commercial office and handed a quib to the city editor about an amateur opera which was to be given, in the near future, at Macaulay's. The article said that Miss Evelyn Ellis, the queen of the last Mardi-Gras Carnival at New Orleans, was to be the soprano; that Ned Chirko, a singer of considerable local reputation, had agreed to take the tenor part, Edwin Doversaux the baritone, and that a number of society people would make up the rest of the cast. He was congratulated upon being selected, and was easily constituted special representative of the Commercial, with instructions to hand in any news concerning the coming affair.

From that time this skilful and fluent writer used the columns of the paper to aid him in winning the beautiful girl. Nor was he unwise enough to confine himself to complimenting her; nay, every woman in the cast received her share of praise from time to time as the progress of the undertaking was noted. The opera served another purpose, inasmuch as the rehearsals afforded him abundant opportunity to be with her without exciting comment. Thus between love making, rehearsals, the club, the theatres and the newspaper, this self-styled "gentleman of leisure" found enough to keep him busy.

Two months passed. The opera, which had been advertised as a society event, had been presented and had proved a success. The newspapers contained complimentary accounts of the performance, and Miss Ellis was once more a queen, and Mr. Doversaux was still a devoted suitor in her imperial train.

She had been fascinated with him when they first met, and now, since she knew him better, she grew to love him. Indeed, it was being whispered about the club that Doversaux had made a conquest. In fact, he had won her, and the notice of their engagement appeared not long after the performance of the amateur opera.

Evelyn Ellis was a beautiful blonde, with a complexion as fair as milk. She was wonderfully popular, and particularly attractive because of two large blue eyes that were always laughing. She had inherited a good deal of property from her father, and was independent of her uncle, who was one of the richest tobacco merchants in the city.

Her guardian had agreed to their marriage after satisfying himself that Doversaux was an honorable man, upright in all his feelings, and thoroughly sincere in his devotion to Evelyn, whom he loved as tenderly as if she were his own daughter.

He had secured his information from the Picayune, and had it supported by the city editor of the Commercial. Besides, Doversaux was wealthy and popular and seemed to be all he pretended.

Mr. Ellis then offered him a position in his office—not a clerkship, for Mr. Doversaux was too rich to accept that—not a partnership, because he wished to control his business alone, but he created a position which would relieve him of much of the routine work. This

was readily and thankfully accepted by the ex-reporter, who claimed that he had tired of living life of idleness.

One evening, nearly a month after, Doversaux secured the firm's mail at the post office on his way to dinner at the club. There were only three letters; two contained remittances, for \$100 and \$100 respectively, while the third was postmarked "New Orleans." He opened it, read it carefully, turned pale, and then, with an expression of triumph, put it securely in his pocket with the others, remarking to himself that Mr. Ellis would never get that letter.

Congratulating himself on his clinched good fortune he finished his dinner, and then went out into the card room. Several of his friends were there, and anxious to drink the health of the Queen. Shortly after they were seated around a cloth-covered table to have a little game of poker. They played with varying success, and drinking seemed to be the order of the day. Near midnight the play became exciting and the betting was higher, every hand by general consent. Doversaux drew the two checks from his pocket and endorsed them with Mr. Ellis's name, and then took his own, as attorney. Then he laid them on the table.

There was a five-dollar jack-pot, and Doversaux opened for twenty-five. Two men staying the first drew one card, but failing to hit his hand, dropped while the second draw three cards, the same number as the opener. Doversaux had staked on a pair of aces and had bet high in order to retrieve his losses. He was fortunate enough to draw the third ace, and felt fairly confident of winning. Therefore, he quickly bet fifty dollars, and was surprised to find that his bet was not only "seen," but "raised" an equal amount. He desperately threw down the check for four hundred dollars and called out: "One hundred better!" The gentleman opposite looked at his cards and thought a moment. Then he observed the amount of the check and raised the bet.

"Adolphe, my darling, what does it mean when it says that a stock has been raised?"

"I don't know what it is, my dear, but almost any stock is glad to get out of the wat at present."

This was not especially lucid, but Genevieve felt that her husband was drawing a little.

"And what is a gilt-edged security, darling?" she continued.

He smiled—aye, actually smiled,

"You are, my dear."

This was delightful. He had not paid her a compliment in many days.

"What do you mean?" she asked, at a time, to try another tick.

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M. A. McCormick,
Carpenter and Builder.

All kinds of jobbing promptly
attended to. Estimates cheer-
fully given.

RESIDENCE—31 DEARBORN STREET,
SHOP—KINSLY'S WHARF. 61

JOHN S. LANGLEY.

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OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS. ALSO

Furnishing! Undertaker.

CASKETS, COFFINS, ROBES, &c.,

FURNISHED AT SHORT NOTICE.

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Alex. N. Barker,

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Lumber & Hard Ware

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—AND—

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DATES,

F I G S .

Nuts,

At the very lowest possible prices.

Also

Canaries

—AND—

Brass Cages,

W. F. Williamson,

295 Thames Street.

CHAS. P. AUSTIN,

Stone Cutter, Monumental and Build-
ing Work,

cor. FAREWELL & WALNUT Sts.

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CALL PERSONS, desirous of having water
introduced into their residences or place of
business, should make application at the of-
fice, Marlboro' street, near Farnham.

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(For Sale Cheap—Good Business,

GOOD CHANCE FOR AN

Amateur.

A. L. LEAVITT,

126 Bellevue Avenue,

2-11

REMOVAL.

I desire to inform my patrons and friends
that on Saturday, APRIL 1, 1894, my plan
of business will be No. 13 Market Square. Any
one who has a suitable or parsonal will please
call there.

I shall have larger premises and will buy and
sell second-hand furniture and antiques.

BOOCO BABONE, Ferry Wharf, 1

Furniture.

New Carpets

AND—

Wall Papers.

We are daily receiving new carpets
and wall papers and are pre-
pared to show a
fine line of

New Patterns.

It will entirely cure the worst forms
of Neuralgia, Complaints, all forms of Inflammation and Ulceration,
Falling and Displacements of the
Womb, and consequent Spinal Weak-
ness, and is peculiarly adapted to the
Change of Life. Every time it will cure

Backache.

It has cured more cases of Lumbago
than any remedy the world has
ever known. It is almost infallible in
such cases. It dissolves and expels
Tumors from the Uterus in an early
stage of development, and checks any
tendency to cancerous tumors. That

Bearing-down Feeling

causing pain, weight, and backache, is
instantly relieved and permanently
cured. It cures all the diseases of
the womb in harmony with the laws
that govern the female system, and
is as harmless as water. It removes

Irregularity,

Suppressed or Palpitating Menstruation,
Weakness of the Stomach, Indigestion,
Bloating, Flooding, Nervous Prostration,
Headache, General Debility. Also

Dizziness, Faintness,

Extreme Lassitude, "don't care" and
want to be left alone, feeling, ex-
citability, irritability, nervousness, sleep-
lessness, palpitation, dyspepsia, of the
spine, and backache. There are two
gives indications of Neuralgia, Weakness,
some derangement of the uterus, or

Womb Troubles.

The whole story, however, is told in
an illustrated book entitled "Guide to
Health," by Mrs. Pinkham. It con-
tains over 90 pages of most important
information, which every woman, mar-
ried or single, should know about her-
self. Send 2 cent stamps for it.

Kidney Complaints

and Backache of either see the Veget-
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Lydia E. Pinkham's

Liver Pills cure
Constipation, &
Stick Headache, 25c.

**Correspondence
freely answered.**

You can address in strictest confidence,
LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., Lynn, Mass.

CLOSING OUT

SPRING STOCK

at a discount.

Great bargains in

Baby Carriages

—AT—

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Furniture Rooms,

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Chamber Suits,

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UPHOLSTERING

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Purchased Controlling Interest!

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Transfer Express Company

Desires to call attention of the public to
its unequalled facilities for local express service.

This company is the

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of collecting checks, for delivery of baggage
on all trains and steamers arriving in New-
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ALSO,

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RESIDENCE to DESTINATION

With desirable storage warehouses at rea-
sonable rates.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, 30 Bellevue Av.

Branch 272 Thames Street,
Offices, J. N. V. Freight Depot, F. R. Line,
Newport, R. I., June 1st, 1891.

1-11

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GRANITE WORK

any description, including All Kinds of

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A good stock of BLUE STONE; constantly on
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BOOCO BABONE, Ferry Wharf, 1

LYDIA E.

PINKHAM'S
Vegetable Compound

Is a positive cure for all those painful

Aliments of Women.

It will entirely cure the worst forms of
Female Complaints, all forms of Inflammation and Ulceration,
Falling and Displacements of the
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CLOSING OUT

SPRING STOCK

at a discount.

Great bargains in

Baby Carriages

—AT—

Brver's

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

TIVERTON.

Mrs. Lucy M., wife of Captain James B. Churchill died at her house, 10th inst., after a brief illness from pneumonia. Funeral services were held Tuesday noon at the Central Baptist church, the Rev. I. W. Porter conducting them, who based his discourse on the words,

"But now we go through a glass darkly," while placing a fitting tribute to the memory of the deceased who was a worthy member of the church, a good wife and devoted mother. The respect in which Mrs. Churchill was held in this town was evinced by the large number of relatives and friends, the choir sang several appropriate selections.

The principal floral decoration was composed by the side of the casket. At the close of the services the remains were taken to the church, family bury-